

Kansas M. Landis, Before Whom Rockefeller was Examined.
 Judge Kansas Mountain Landis of the United States District Court at Chicago, before whom John D. Rockefeller was examined, is only 40. His father was wounded in the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, hence his name. Judge Landis is picturesque in appearance and manner. He was private secretary to Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham from 1893 to 1895. Judge Gresham had commanded the regiment in which Judge Landis' father served, and there had always been a warm friendship between Gresham and the Landis family. When Judge Gresham was starting for Washington to become Secretary of State in the cabinet of a Democrat President and asked young Landis to go with him as private secretary, Landis turned Democrat and accepted. He had practiced law in Chicago, but clients were few, and the chance of an official experience in the nation's capital was too alluring to resist.
 The State Department woke up when Landis came. His manner was new,



KENNESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS.

his style of address original, and his seeming profundity was interwoven with a humor that left the uninitiated in doubt as to whether the young man was a joker or a person of great depth. There was much important work done in the State Department while Landis was there. The Cleveland policy to put back Queen Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian throne was undertaken. The Bering sea arbitration was on, the Venezuelan boundary controversy with England was conceived and the Alliance affair occurred. When Gresham died Landis went back to Chicago to practice law. Some years ago he was appointed United States Judge. Judge Landis wears his hair rather long and has a habit of passing his hands through it. He is a young man with an old man's manner. His language is picturesque and his sayings quaint. He talks with a drawl, as do all the Landis brothers, and his way of expressing himself is impressive.—Utica Globe.

ROOSEVELT'S \$40,000 PHOTO.

It Shows Him Taking a Fence on a Hunter—Has Been Copied Widely.
 The most widely published and best known photograph in existence is said to be that of President Roosevelt taking a fence on his favorite hunter, says the New York Sun. This has been printed in almost every paper and magazine in the world which uses half-tones, and the sales from it have already amounted to more than \$40,000, making it the most profitable photograph ever taken.

Nearly 3,000 copies have been signed by the President to be used as special gifts, and the demand for it wherever it has been placed on sale has been steady during the three and a half years since it was made.

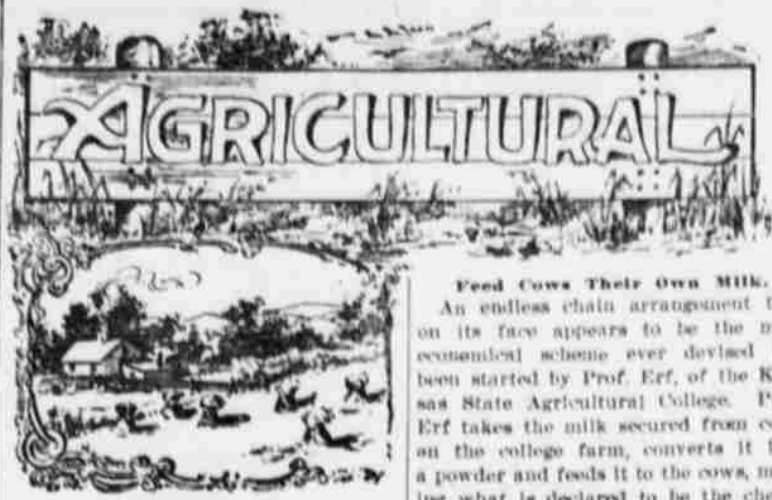
It was made with a shutter that opened and closed in one fifteen-hundredth part of a second. The President, accompanied by an orderly, left the cabinet meeting one morning and joined the photographer at Chevy Chase in the suburbs of Washington. It was necessary for the President to force his horse over the fence a dozen times before a successful picture was taken.

President Roosevelt is probably the most photographed man in the world, with the possible exception of Emperor William, and photographers assert unreservedly that he is most difficult to pose. He is nervous and is often snapped in what might seem a bit or miss style, but every picture ever taken of him is thoroughly characteristic.

A Proverb Challenged.

"It is always the unexpected that happens," said the man who quotes. "I don't know about that," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "there is nothing I expect less than poor Charley to come back winner from the races."—Washington Star.

Some girls are very sensitive because they imagine pouting is becoming to them.



Feed Cows Their Own Milk.
 An endless chain arrangement that on its face appears to be the most economical scheme ever devised has been started by Prof. Erf, of the Kansas State Agricultural College. Prof. Erf takes the milk secured from cows on the college farm, converts it into a powder and feeds it to the cows, making what is declared to be the cheapest of all the cow foods.
 The food invented by Prof. Erf is made of buttermilk. He has perfected a system of drying buttermilk and then converting it into a powder. This dried buttermilk contains about 70 per cent of protein, twice as much as cotton seed meal contains, and can be manufactured for one and a half cents a pound. Thus a food twice as rich as cotton seed can be manufactured at approximately the cost of the latter.
 One hundred pounds of buttermilk will make from nine to ten pounds of the finished product and as the estimated waste of buttermilk in the creameries of Kansas is 500,000 pounds daily, it is figured that by the adoption of this process a saving of \$400,000 can be made yearly in Kansas alone.

Smoking Meat.
 In the home smoking of meat I have learned something by experimenting that is a great saver of work and of much more consequence—keeps the meat in better shape during the smoking process. I used a low smokehouse, and handle the little necessary fire as best I could. It would sometimes heat the meat more than was good for it. I had the fire covered in a little pit in the center of the smokehouse. Then I tried a pit outside several feet from the building with an underground flue, but all the heat generated in that went into the smokehouse, so it was unsatisfactory.
 I placed an old heating stove, with the legs taken off, on the ground about eight feet from the side of the smokehouse, put an elbow on the stove and ran a pipe through the side of the smokehouse. Then I started a little fire in the stove, and as the smoke poured from the funnel it occurred to me to turn the smoke down, so I put on an elbow with mouth pointing down, and as that worked all right I put a length of pipe on that and watched to see what the smoke would do. In a moment it poured from the pipe right



"NO HEAT, NO DANGER OF FIRE."
 down near the ground. The end of the pipe is four or five inches from the ground and nearly on a level with the bottom of the stove. It works finely. The cooled smoke rising from the ground conveys no heat to the meat, though quite a little fire is kept in the stove. The fire needs but little attention, as the stove is kept about closed all the time. It is very satisfactory.—Kansas Farmer.

The American Carriage Horse.
 The development of the American carriage horse at the Colorado Agricultural College and Experiment Station is progressing very favorably, says Prof. W. L. Carlyle of the Colorado Agricultural College, in the Twentieth Century Farmer. At the present time twenty-two brood mares are to be found on the farm, and of these nineteen are expected to foal this year. Fourteen very high-class yearling colts, by the stallion Carnon, are exemplifying the success of the work undertaken. At the present time seven very fine foals have come to hand this year and the indications are that they are superior to their brothers and sisters of last year. The station and college, in cooperation with the government, will increase the brood mares to thirty-five head during the summer, and only those of the very highest class will be secured.

Must Raise Many Crops.
 Twenty years ago hundreds of North Dakota farmers bought butter, eggs and even potatoes and cabbages at the village stores, but they were not real farmers, merely wheat raisers. They depended entirely upon one crop, and when that failed, distress followed. James J. Hill quickly taught them the folly of that kind of farming, and to-day the State's diversified crops are equal to those of any other Northern State. The educational movement was not that Mr. Hill had any love for the farmers then, nor has now, but he had a big railway to feed and was forced to teach the farmer how to produce the freight. Now the experiment stations are carrying on the education commenced by Mr. Hill and are doing it better.

Algeria Wants Our Wasps.
 The American wasp is to be used in a campaign of extermination of the horse fly in darkest Africa. By request to the Louisiana crop pest commission, Abraham Rosenheim, assistant entomologist, is sending a consignment of these "horse guards" from Cameron parish, La., where the wasps attain unusual size and ferocity. A band of embryo stingers will be shipped from New Orleans by way of Havre on the steamship Louisiana July 12 in refrigerated baskets with the pupae of the insect.

mocking smile, slightly tapped the table to request silence.
 "Senores," he said, "I have kept all my promises, and have acquired the right to count on you. We shall not meet again, but at a future day I will let you know my intentions. Still be ready to act at the first signal; in ten days is the anniversary festival of the Proclamation of Independence, and if nothing alters my plans I shall probably choose that day to try, with your assistance, to deliver the country from the tyrants who oppress it. However, I will be careful to have you warned. So now let us separate; the night is far advanced, and a longer stay at this spot might compromise the sacred interests for which we have sworn to die."

CHAPTER XI.

The Alameda of Mexico is one of the most beautiful in America. It is situated at one of the extremities of the city, and forms a long square, with a wall of circumscription bordered by a deep ditch, whose muddy, fetid waters, owing to the negligence of the government, exhale pestilential miasmas. At each corner of the promenade a gate offers admission to carriages, riders and pedestrians, who walk silently beneath a thick awning of verdure formed by willows, elms and poplars that border the principal road. These trees are selected with great tact, and are always green, for although the leaves are renewed, it takes place gradually and imperceptibly, so that the branches are never entirely stripped of their foliage.

It was evening, and, as usual, the Alameda was crowded; handsome carriages, brilliant riders and modest pedestrians were moving backward and forward, with cries, laughter and joyous calls, as they sought each other in the walks. By degrees, however, the promenaders went toward the Bucarelli; the carriages became scarcer, and by the time night had set in the Alameda was deserted.

A horseman, dressed in a rich Campesino costume and mounted on a magnificent horse, entered the Alameda along which he galloped for about twenty minutes examining the side walks the clumps of trees and the bushes; in a word he seemed to be looking for somebody or something.

At the moment when the traveler reached the Bucarelli the last carriage was leaving it and it was soon as deserted as the Alameda. He galloped up and down the promenade twice or thrice looking carefully down the side roads and at the end of his third turn a horseman, coming from the Alameda, passed on his right hand, giving him in a low voice the Mexican salute, "Santissima noche cabellero!"

Although the sentence had nothing peculiar about it the horseman started, and immediately turning his horse round, started in pursuit. Within a minute the two horsemen were side by side; the first corner, so soon as he saw that he was followed, checked his horse's pace, as if with the intention of entering into direct conversation.

"A fine night for a ride, señor," the first horseman said, politely raising his hand to his hat.
 "It is," the second answered, "although it is beginning to grow late."
 "The moment is only the better chosen for certain private conversation."

The second horseman looked around, and bending over to the speaker, said: "I almost despaired of meeting you."
 "Did I not let you know that I should come?"
 "True; but I feared that some obstacle—"

"Nothing should impede an honest man from accomplishing a sacred duty," the first horseman said.
 The other bowed with an air of satisfaction. "Then," he said, "I can count on you, No—"

"No names here, señor," the other sharply interrupted him. "Caspiña, an old good ranger like you, a man who has long been a Tigreiro, ought to remember that the trees have ears and the leaves eyes."
 "Yes, you are right. I do remember it, but permit me to remark that if it is not possible for us to talk here where can we do so?"
 "Patience, señor, I wish to serve you, as you know, for you were recommended to me by a trusty man. Be guided by me, if you wish us to succeed in this affair."

"I ask nothing better; still you must tell me what I ought to do."
 "For the present very little; merely follow me at a distance to the place where I purpose taking you."
 (To be continued.)

Just a Boy.

"Hold on!" said the learned chemist. "Didn't I give you a bottle of my wonderful tonic that would make you look twenty years younger?"
 "You did," replied the patient, "and I took it all. I was then 30 and now I am only 19."
 "Well, then will you please settle this little bill you owe for the treatment?"
 "Oh, no. As I am only 19 now, I am a minor and minors are not held responsible for the bills they incur. Good-day, sir."

Made Himself So.

Naybor—I called to see Nervey last night, but he wasn't at home.
 Subbubs—Oh, yes, he was.
 Naybor—Not at all. I tell you—
 Subbubs—But I tell you he was, and very much at home. He monopolized the morris chair in my den all evening.—Philadelphia Press.

Every day there drops into the coffers of the New York elevated railways 27,500 nickels, to say nothing of the other coins and bills.

THE RED TRAIL

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The traveler looked at him fixedly for a moment or two, and then laid his hand firmly on his arm and pulled him toward the table.

"Now, look here," he said to him curtly, "I intend to pass two hours in your hotel, at all risks; I know that between this and eleven o'clock you expect a large party."

The landlord attempted to give a denial, but the traveler cut him short.
 "Silence," he continued, "I wish to be present at this meeting; of course I do not mean to be seen; but I must not only see them, but hear all they say. Put me where you please, that is your concern; but as any trouble deserves payment, here are ten ounces for you, and I will give you as many more when your visitors have gone, and I assure you that what I ask of you will not in any way compromise you. Now, I will add, that if you obstinately refuse the arrangement I offer—"

"Well, suppose I do?"
 "I will blow out your brains," the traveler said distinctly.

"Hang it, excellency," the poor fellow answered, with a grimace, "I think that I have no choice, and am compelled to accept."

"Good; now you are learning reason; but take three ounces as a consolation."
 The landlord, forgetting that he had declared a few moments previously that he had nothing in the house, instantly covered the table with provisions, which, if not particularly delicate, were sufficiently appetizing. When their hunger was at length appeased, the traveler who seemed to speak for both thrust away his plate and addressed the landlord, who was modestly standing behind him, hat in hand.

"And now for another matter," he said; "how many lads have you to help you?"
 "Two, excellency—the one who took your horses to the corral, and another."
 "Very good. I presume you will not require both those lads to wait on your friends to-night?"
 "Certainly not, excellency; indeed, for greater security, I shall wait on them alone."

"Better still; then, you see no inconvenience in sending one of them into the Ciudad?"
 "No inconvenience at all, excellency; what is the business?"
 "Simply," he said, taking a letter from his bosom, "to convey this letter to Senor Don Antonio Rallier, in the Calle Montañera, and bring me back an answer."

"That is easy, excellency; if you will have the kindness to intrust the letter to me."
 "Here it is, and four piastres for the journey."

The host bowed respectfully and immediately left the room.
 "I fancy, Curumilla," the traveler then said to his companion, "that our affairs are going on well."

The other replied with a silent nod of assent. The travelers rose; in a twinkling when the landlord returned and removed all signs of supper, and then hid his guests behind an old-fashioned counter.

CHAPTER X.

The travelers had scarce time to conceal themselves ere several knocks on the door warned the landlord that the mysterious guests he expected were beginning to arrive.
 The door was hardly ajar ere several men burst into the inn, thrusting each other aside in their haste, as if afraid of being followed. These men were seven or eight in number, and it was easy to see they were officers, in spite of the precaution of some among them who had put on civilian attire.

They laughed and jeered loudly. The door of the rancho had been left ajar by the landlord, who probably thought it unnecessary to close it; the officers succeeded each other with great rapidity, and their number soon became so great that the room was completely filled.

As for No Lusco, he continually prowled round the tables, watching everything with a corner of his eye, and being careful not to serve the slightest article without receiving immediate payment. At length, one of the officers rose.
 "Is Don Sirven here?"
 "Yes, señor," a young man of twenty at the most answered as he rose.

"Assure yourself that no person is absent."
 The young man bowed and began walking from one table to the other, exchanging two or three words in a low voice with each of the visitors. When Don Sirven had gone round the room, he went to the person who had addressed him and said with a respectful bow:

"Senor colonel, the meeting is complete and only one person is absent; but as he did not tell us certainly whether he would do us the honor of being present to-night, I—"

"That will do," the colonel interrupted; "remain outside, watch the environs and let no one approach without challenging him, but if you know who arrives introduce him immediately."

"You can trust me, colonel," the young man answered, and after bowing to his superior officer, he left the room and closed the door behind him.
 The officers then turned round on the benches and thus found themselves face to face with the colonel, who had stationed himself in the middle of the room. The latter waited a few minutes till per-

fect silence was established, and then spoke as follows:
 "Let me, in the first place, thank you, caballeros, for the punctuality with which you have responded to the meeting I had the honor of arranging with you. I am delighted at the confidence it has pleased you to display in me, and, believe me, I shall show myself worthy of it; for it proves to me once again that you are really devoted to the interests of our country and that I may freely reckon on you in the hour of danger. You understand as well as I do that we can no longer bow our necks beneath our despotic government. The man who at this moment holds our destinies in his hands has shown himself unworthy of his mandate. The hour will soon strike for the man who has deceived us to be overthrown."

The colonel had made a start, and would probably have continued his plausible speech for a long time in an emphatic voice, had not one of his audience interrupted him:
 "That is all very fine, colonel," he said, "we are all aware that we are gentlemen devoted, body and soul, to our country; but devotion must be paid for. What shall we get by this after all?"

The colonel was at first slightly embarrassed by this warm apostrophe; but he recovered himself at once, and turned with a smile to his interpreter:
 "I was coming to it, my dear captain, at the very moment when you cut across my speech."
 "Oh, that is different," the captain answered.

"In the first place," the colonel went on, "I have news for you which I feel assured you will heartily welcome. This is the last time we shall meet."
 "Very good," said the practical captain.
 The colonel saw that he could no longer dally with the matter, for all his hearers openly took part with their comrade. At the moment when he resolved to tell all he knew, the door of the inn was opened, and a man wrapped in a large cloak quickly entered the room preceded by the Alferrez Don Sirven, who shouted in a loud voice:

"The general, caballeros, the general."
 At this announcement silence was re-established as if by enchantment. The person called the general stopped in the middle of the room, looked around him, and then took off his hat, let his cloak fall from his shoulders, and appeared in the full dress uniform of a general officer.

"Long live Gen. Guerrero," the officers shouted as they rose enthusiastically.
 "Thanks, gentlemen, thanks," the general responded with numerous bows. "This warm feeling fills me with delight; but pray be silent, that we may properly settle the matter which has brought us here; moments are precious, and, in spite of the precautions we have taken, your presence at this inn may have been denounced. I will come at once to facts, without entering into idle speculations, which would cause us to waste valuable time. In a word, then, what is it we want? To overthrow the present government, and establish another more in conformity with our opinions, and, above all, our interests."

"Yes, yes," the officers exclaimed.
 "In that case we are conspiring against the established authority, and are rebels in the eyes of the law," the general continued coolly and distinctly; "as such we shall be pitilessly shot by the victor; but we shall not fail," he hastily added, "because we are resolutely playing a terrible game, and each of us knows that his fortune depends on winning."
 "Yes, yes," the captain whose observations had, previous to the general's arrival, so greatly embarrassed the colonel, said, "all that is very fine; but we were promised something else in your name, excellency."

The general smiled.
 "You are right, captain," he remarked; "but I intend to keep all promises—but not, as you might reasonably suppose, when our glorious enterprise has succeeded."
 "When then, pray?" the captain asked, curiously.
 "At once, senores," the general exclaimed.

Joy and astonishment so paralyzed his hearers that they were unable to utter a syllable. The general looked at them for a moment, and then, turning away with a mocking smile, he walked to the front door, which he opened. The officers sagely watched his movements, and the general, after looking out coughed twice.
 "Here I am, excellency," a voice said, leaving from the fog.
 "Bring in the bags," Don Sebastian ordered, and then quietly returned to the middle of the room.

Almost immediately after a man entered, bearing a heavy leather satchel. It was Carnero. At a signal from his master he deposited his bundle and went out, but returned shortly after with another bag, which he placed by the side of the first one. Then, after bowing to his master he withdrew.

The general opened the bags, and a flood of gold poured in a trickling cascade on the table; the officers instinctively held out their quivering hands.
 When all the gold had disappeared and the effervescence was beginning to subside, Don Sebastian, who, like the Angel of Evil, had looked on with a profoundly